Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The muſicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderſtands Welch
And t'is no maruell he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſition.
La. Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie ſtill ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in Welſh.
Hot. I had rather heare Lady, my brache howle in Iriſh.
La. Would'ſt haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the Welſh Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, & as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walkſt further then Finſburie:
Sweare me Kate, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens,
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreſt teacher; and the indentures be drawn, Ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As Hot, Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By

By this our booke is drawne, weele but ſeale
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and other.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, but be neere at hand
For we ſhall preſently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my bloud,
Hee'le breede reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hote vengeance, and the rod of heauen
To puniſh my miſtreadings. Tell me elſe
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewde, ſuch meane attempts
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy bloud,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes muſt heare
By ſmiling pick-thanks, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors,
Thy place in counſell thou haſt rudely loſt
Which by thy yonger brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the harts

Of